## Fads of the New York Girl

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is a

Champion

Tennis

tempted to speak of the American girl "the best ever," as though referring to a new brand of cigars or a white motor

Last year she sniffed a little at tennis It was out of fashion, and besides she was otoring in Europe, breaking records and testing ditches. But this summer she met her maid motoring one day and she straightway felt the need of a fresh and more difficult expression of athletic feeling-it was tennis, of course.

And since picking up her racket in May she has broken all feminine records, has won the championship in ladies' singles in Holland, distanced princesses at Homburg, winning the ladies' singles, and peeresses at Elgin, winning the English championship for ladies' singles.

In fact, the New York girl puts up the best tennis in the world, though she prefers golf and loves her hunter better than either But she has the national love of trophies, especially transatlantic emblems. And you love the way she wins them, with a lot of boyish enthusiasm and willingness work hard, coupled with distinction of beauty and clothes as comfortable as they

are smart. It was the New York girl who made short bicycle skirts good form, who shortened equestrian skirts to show the boot tip, who made it the vogue to play golf in a shirt waist with sleeves rolled up and pary a hat, who first made a pretty motor picture in floating veils, and who motored with brilliant daring and consummate skill to do distances. not to get to afternoon tea.

"If it is to be done, then 'twere well if it were done quickly," is the motto the New York girl has adopted with reference to achieving triumphs in the athletic world. She combines a vivid brain with a virile muscle, and then wears a frock that shows her pretty figure, yet is loose and short. And she has ever a smile for Fate and the

The New York girl's tennis used to depend a lot upon a general alert unexpectedness. a bewildering way of invariably preceding a ball to its destination. She could even anticipate a bad drive and pry up a ball when it seemed to have sunk out of sight in the court, and she had a way of fluttering around a vicious cut that won a sneaking ball straight to her racket and softly

over the net to die. It was a clever, pretty game that bewildered the umpire and upset her antagonist, but it was not great tennis. Since those days she has played basketball for a few years, and learned to finish a game with a dislocated collar bone, and to fight for the ball inch by inch, sprawling on the turf. and she has improved in tennis and learned to drive and lob and return from the back

she has cried after losing a tournament. but then so have Yale boys after a football defeat, and possibly even the Crusaders of old who found cold welcome and the way back to their moated granges lean and

And so perchance her tears are no wholly unmanly, but her moods are. One brilliant tennis school girl acknowledged that she lost a game of doubles because she just hated her partner and wanted her to lose. It's certain no boy so nice as that girl would do such a thing.

Not only do girls' moods vary, but their physical strength is less to be relied upon. And, too, their success depends often upon nervous excitement as well as muscle. A girl who has just quarrelled with her lover quite likely to lose a tennis tournament; while the discharged lover will put up a fine game because he wants to prove that he's worth something anyway.

But we digress. Tournaments seem to have suggested unhappy lovers instead of the merry court game. And when she is not hunting and shooting this fall the New York girl will go forth clad in simple clothes, hatless and racket in hand, to park or club or private court. "But sughly not tennis in the autumn?

Why, that is reahly bad form, you know." And the English visiting sportsman is aghast that the New York girl should presume to play his summer game out of date, as though she had suggested shooting par-

tridges in closed season.

"Why, over theah you just play tennis when everybody else plays, and then latah you do something else when they do. But tennis in the fall would be a joke, reahly a joke, don't you know. I must write them about it."

"I would," suggested the girl, "but don't "I would," suggested the girl, "but don't write until to-morrow, and then you can tell them that I beat you because you couldn't play in good form out of season."

But it's about time to cry "Ball!" and get at the game, the real joy and success of which depends more upon the right sort of clothes than does any other outdoor sport, even riding, because riding clothes don't have to provide for the comfort of active muscles. They merely have to be smart and safe, but you can't play the best tennis and safe, but you can't play the best tennis without every article of clothing so perfectly planned that you're unconscious of it once the game's under way. High heels, a the game a thirt way. It he he is a flooping hat, skirts that tangle, sleeves that cut and collars that choke may mean a brave and valiant spirit, but they don't

group themselves as paving stones to suc-cessful tennis.

Girls used to cut up clay and turi courts with French heels and take the winds of summer with picture hats, but no more,

if they have brothers or records.

There is an instant answer, that fashionaole girls not known to tournaments do clay in their usual pretty afternoon frocks both here and in England, that tennis is the invariable arousement at any English garden party, that sometimes afternoon tea misses its function and there is no new bit of gossip

and one must do something, so it's tennis in smart freeks if it doesn't rain.

And it's all true, but this tennis doesn't rank as sport. Even British girls of heavy museles and traditions dress simply for tournament work. They wear unbecoming caps and indecorous skirts fully an inches from the ground. And American girls from the ground. And American girls with sleeves rolled up, hats tossed to British girls' nice brother, and skirts clipper builtthree inches from the turf win their

ornament prizes.
Of course, when you play at a week end game out at Tuxedo or Shinnecock, you play in a pretty autumn gown, one of your lovely foliage frocks of wood brown or autumn green, and you don't mind if your hat's in the way and you run into the toe of your shoe.

But if you greatly love tennis and play

When it comes to outdoor sports, one is with your brother in vacation days to prac-

with your brother in vacation days to practice or for special play to win, you follow very closely the dress worn by American girls at their State and national championship games.

A skirt gored and neither scant nor full, never habit back and never 1830, but wide enough to run in and scant enough not to get out of place. This is away from the ground three inches in front and a shade more at the back, for a short skirt always seems to sag if it isn't half an inch shorter at the back, besides the slight tilt at the back breadth adds smartness and good style. at the back, besides the slight tilt at the back breadth adds smartness and good style. Any stout material, not too heavy, such as tweed, cheviot or storm serge, is the right thing, and it is unlined and untrimmed, save for a deep hem at the bottom with several rows of machine stitching, that one's safety may never depend upon one several rows of machine stitching, that one's safety may never depend upon one

frail line of silk No petticoat is worn, but silk knickers lined with lawn for summer and flannel for fined with lawn for summer and finance for fall. A washable shirt waist serves for fall as well as summer. It may be of cotton or wash finance, or silk, but cotton is the freshest looking and most generally satisfactory. There should be a sweater at hand to slip on after a set or between games, if there is even a few minutes' wait if there is even a few minutes' wait.

And a sweater is not now the destructive agent to trimness and beauty that it was formerly, when it had no opening but the neck, and one was literally dragged in and out of it by athletic friends, either operation leaving one wan and dishevelled, a jest for non-athletic girls, a victim of a fad for football sweaters. This fall's sweaters

are of every known cut and color.

You may have a reefer cut, but yo

You may have a reefer cut, but you won't, because they're ugly, or a basque—English girls wear them, but Allah protect the New York girl from their weird outline—or a Norfolk, which is not so bad; or a blouse, which is charming and comfortable and very smart.

Hunting green and pink are mighty pretty in a fall landscape, or brown in any shade, or white, which launders well and is very becoming to glowing red cheeks. Pale tints are absurd and never good style.

If the New York girl doesn't wear the neck of her shirt waist turned in, she wears a riding stock of cotton, madras, dimity, piqué or linen, white or to match her waist, or a white stock with ends to match the or a white stock with ends to match the

And no hat, except en route to the court; and that may be an exaggerated yachting cap, but is more likely a soft felt, a heritage from Rough Rider fashions, very light weight, and in color to suit her skirt. She wears fine, heavy stockings—silk and lisle is a good mixture—and low shoes to make sure of free ankle work. Her shoes are tan or black colf, mannish in cut, but

are tan or black calf, mannish in cut, but not exaggerated. The soles do not project on either side, and are not half an inch thick, but they are wide and reasonably heavy, and rubber soled if there is much dampness, and the heels less than an inch high and wide, a comfortable pedestal, not a stilt.

They are cut to fit tight about the instep and loose over the joint, so the foot has easy action and yet cannot slip into the toe of the shoe. Its simply no use trying to run much or long if you can't move your toes. If your foot is a solid block it's going to ache after very little use.

And absolutely no corsets for fine tennis. A riding girdle is the best substitute, of just a few bands of satin ribbon and short steels in front, and worn so that the waist measure is half an inch more with the

And so, in spite of British prejudice, tennis is the fall game this year, and more roses and graces than ever are the portion of the New York girl.

BOERS BURIED TREASURE.

Romantic Story of a Futile Search ar of Ultimate Recovery.

From South Africa. News was received at Krugersdorp recently of the discovery in the bushveld begond Louis Trichardt's Drift and the Spelonken of the famous buried treasure which was secretly removed from the Pretoria tered the capital, and which formed the romantic issue in the tragedy culminating in the execution of ex-Policeman Swartz. The treasure, which consists of bar gold and coin, approximately amounts to 60,000 ounces.

and is valued at a quarter of a million sterling. The story of its burial and recovery is sensational in the extreme. It is a history of blood and crime, no less than six men having lost their lives in the burial and the subsequent search for the gold, which has lasted since the declaration of peace. Of the original party which was despatched to hide the gold not a single soul is alive to-day. It appears that some twenty-four hours before the occupation of Pretoria by the imperial forces orders were received at the mint from the late President Kruger and Mr. Reitz, the then State Secretary, to remove the greater por-tion of the gold which was extracted from the Robinson, Rose Deep, Ferreira and

mines to a secluded spot in the bushveld, beyond Pietersburg.

It was known by the old Transvaal officials that a wagon with four mules, accompanied by six specially selected burghers, left Pretoria at midnight with the gold, and vanished into the veld. The ex-policeman Swartz and the man whom he murdered, and for which he suffered the last penalty, were among the party. After burying the gold, four of the wardens of the treasure rejoined the com-mandos; but a luckless fate seemed to have pursued them, and they were all killed shortly afterward. For some time the search appeared to have died out, and it was only through second or thirt hand knowledge that a Krugersdorp syndicate of six, includ-ing ex-Gens. Kemp and Celliers, ex-Police Lieutenant Van Zyl, W. D. Smith and S. J. Kemp, cousin of the ex-General, found out that

there was State treasure buried in the bush The party made repeated exploring trips into the Low Country in the bad season to escape observation, and most of them were stricken with malarial fever. Each member took a different direction, with the understanding that if any found the treasure it was to be split up into equal proportions. Only one member, however, found the burial place, and he was ex-Gen. Celliers. The site was between two peculiar trees. A red flag, as a sign, was stuck up on one of the trees, with a carcass of a mule in between, one of the ribs of the mule being imbedded in the ground where the gold was buried. On returning to Pietersburg, ex-Gen. Colliers was prostrated with malarial fever in the hospital, and while he was hovering between life and death he divulged part of his secret to the

AUTUMN HOUSE PARTY LIFE

DIVERSIONS OF A WEEK END IN THE COUNTRY.

A Typical Day in a Country House-A Good Deal of Outdoor Entertainment and Some Bridge and Daneing-Only One Formal Meal-At Its Best Just Now

These crisp, clear autumn days are ideal for the enjoyment of the week end party, and the country houses near New York are filled with guests. Take a day like one last week and let the

hour be early enough for the October sun to be pouring through the long French, windows into the drawing room. Most f the guests have come down to breakfast, all the members of the party, in fact, are there but the hostess, who has for years made it a rule to take her coffee in bed. Two of the women are in riding habits

and three of the men are already dressed for their morning ride. The silent butlers in their morning livery, with the short tails of their coats fastened back with brass buttons and their striped linen waistcoats, pass from one guest to another bearing silver dishes in their hands.

But this breakfast is very informal. On a sideboard stand three chafing dishes with steaming water beneath them. From these the waiters serve those of the guests who want something substantial.

One dish contains crisp bacon and devilled kidneys, lamb chops are in the second, while in the third is a thick steak, excellent and juicy in its thin gravy of melted butter and parsley and surrounded with crisp, thinly cut fried potatoes. Eggs and toast are brought to the table for those guests who want them.

Boiling water stands at one end of the long sideboard, on which are four cold roast chickens, a cold ham and jars of marmalade. The table is spread with little more than cups and plates and linen and silver.

The guests arriving at their leisure. although 9 o'clock was supposed to be the hour for breakfast, greet one another with as little formality as some of the mer speak to the two butlers.
"Let's have a look, Chalmers, into the

chafing dishes," one of them says, as he lolls into the room, "and get me a brandy and soda, quick. Kidney for me, Chalmers, and an egg soft. Hello, Chappy. What's happened since yesterday? Is there anything in the papers?"

The newspapers are scattered over a large table in a bay window of the breakfast room. Seated there are two women, who bow pleasantly to the last comer and then resume their reading.

resume their reading.

He glances at a paper until the respectful Chalmers has brought his brandy and soda. As he lifts the glass to his lips he sees the other wing of the party at the

table.

"Hello," he says. "I'm coming over to you now to breakfast." you now to breakfast."

There is mild gayety in the conversation; the men and women leave the room when they want to and devote themselves to their newspapers. One of the women in a riding habit arrives, stretches her arms and opens one of the long windows leading out upon the terrace.

"Do come out here," she calls to the other quests. "The air is too beautiful to be in the converse."

"Do come out here," she calls to the other guests. "The air is too beautiful to be indoors. When are you lazy men going to be ready for a ride?"

None of them stirs, for those who are not at table are deep in the papers.

"Do come out here, some of you," she calls to the women. "The morning is glorious."

net with the swift fury of her big brothers. She plays with a 14-ounce racket and holds it at the end and serves to cut the clay at your feet, and you have been known to jump in childish, humiliating astonishment the while. Indeed she can beat her a few years ago.

But in one respect she varies from men players of her own class. Her game is imequal.

She has more nerves and feelings than you have and more whimsical moods, and she has cried after losing a tournament,

to play bridge.
"I have declared martial law on one point." "I have declared martial law on one point," she called out to the equestrians as they started from the house. "Everybody must be back to lunch at 2. We are going to start for the horse show at 3, and anybody who is a minute late gets left."

There is silence in the house after the parties have started in different directions. parties have started in different directions.

In one of the small rooms the women sit
all but speechless at bridge. At the close
of every hand there is a brief clatter. Occasionally a servant walks through one of
the long drawing rooms, arranging a vase

of flowers or setting right some of the are two of the riding party who contrived o separate themselves from the rest of the

party. "Of course, it was an accident." the young

"Of course, it was an accident," the young woman declared as she stood at the bridge table. "We lost the others soon after we'd started out and try as we could, we never caught up with them again. But listen, there's the coach."

It is the sound of the horn telling that the coach has entered the grounds. The groom kept up an almost continuous tooting until the coach stopped at the door and with incessant chatter and laughter the women descended with the sid of the the women descended with the aid of the

They had not reached the ground before the riders came dashing up the drive. There was more laughter, more calling and scorn for the two of the party that had

wandered away.

"You could have followed us perfectly well," came from one of the women. "We saw you deliberately turn off at the mill road just to get rid of us. Naughty! Naughty! And you had no chaperon."

The two victims laughed and the girl blushed. They might have tried to defend themselves if the hostess had not intervened.

tervened.

"Children," she cried, holding up her hand dramatically. "We must lunch at 2. That is one of the settled things of this life. It's an hour's drive to the grounds from here. The Smiths are bringing over a party to lunch here and then will go over with us to the shore. You must be ready on time." There is a scamper, a great pretence of hurry and flight at the sternness of the chatelaine. In a second there is quiet downstairs, interrupted only by the occasional noise of the servants spreading the great table in the dining room. Thirty-six great table in the dining room. Thirty-six

vere to sit down.

In the upstairs corridors there was an occasional rustle of a maid's skirt as she hurried from one room to another, usually carrying a dress or a part of a dress. That was all, there was of overture for the

Thus passed the morning hours in that ountry house.

It was again a coach horn that sounded the opening note of luncheon. The Smiths had arrived at the furthest gate, and not a soul was ready to receive them. Although she did remain in bed for her breakfast, this hostess had old-fashioned ideas and managed to get downstairs in time to meet them. Gradually her guests fol-

lowed.

It was a brilliantly dressed crowd, the women in hats and the men, with the exception of the two driving the two coaches, in sack suits and cutaways of tweeds. Two coaches were to take over as many as possible, and the rest were to follow in a brake. The drivers of the two coaches work long gray trook coathes were long gray trook coathes.

death he divulged part of his secret to the other members of the syndicate who, however, after repeated searchings, failed to find the spot. Some differences of opinion followed, and ultimately the syndicate broke up, deciding to severally go their own way.

The Government authorities, getting wind of the whole affair, approached an ex-State official residing at Krugersdorp, and he supplied them with certain information and a plan of the supposed site. While the Government were acting on this information, Mr. S. J. Kemp, cousin of the ex-General, had revived a systematic search, with the result of the discovery.

In a brake. The drivers of the two coaches wore long gray frock coats, high white hats and white uppers over their patent leather shoes.

The butler, we stock by the sideboard, handed cocktal to mean of the mean as they entered the room and to many of the women. Lunchéon, served by five men in the same informal livery that the mean to the persistence of the hostess in hurrying the servants that frought the meal to an end so quickly.

The coaches were standing at the door when the guests left the table. For a quarter of an hour the well kept, shiny

coated horses chafed at their bits while the guests were corralled for the drive.

The trip to the horse show grounds lay through a hilly country of beautiful vistas, willas that were almost palaces, distant views of the blue water, immaculately kept grounds and autumn tinted forests. The diminutive grand stand when the horse show grounds were reached already contained a crowd of gayly dressed women and men attired in a compromise between fashion and a deference to the informality

shion and a deference to the informality country life. Horseflesh as fine as care and money

Horsefiesh as fine as care and money could make it, modish equipages, beautiful women and above all the clear sunshine and sparkle of the atmosphere on a perfect October day combined to make the affair a dream of autumnal delight.

"We are to drive to the Jones's for tea," calls out the hostess, when the guests of her two coaches have mobilized outside the grounds of the horse show. "Some of the other coaches are coming over, too."

There is a drive through the dusk, with the night air eager and nipping enough now There is a drive through the dusk, with the night air eager and nipping enough now to make the guests an the coach top huddle closer together. From the darkness of the road there is the sudden vision of a looming house with the red glow of firelight through the drawing room windows.

The tea table, which was a pretence of the crassest description, held about half enough cups for the women, although the kettle was already steaming. The real supply was brought in by the servants.

Wraps were hastily doffed, the odor of tea mingled with the aroma of cigarettes and brandy and soda, and over all was the subdued chatter of the guests, who had

subdued chatter of the guests, who had scattered in parties through the halls and lrawing room.
Suddenly there comes the start for home. Nearly all of the men and women there were to meet again that night at the ball to which most of the county had been invited. In the meantime there was to be dinner, at which many of them would again be together.

be together.

The arrival at home showed by the sup-

The arrival at home showed by the suppressed voices and the general lack of exhiaration that the gayeties of the day were telling on the party. Besides, the night air was really cold. It was only half past 6, however, and there were two good nours for rest before dinner.

Again the preprandial calm settles over the house. Two or three men sit in the library. Upstairs the maids appear and reappear mysteriously in the halls. Behind the portières that shield the dining room from view the servants are busy in preparing the table for the one function of the country house day that is like city life in its formality.

By half past 8 the hostess is awaiting her guests, who soon follow her into the drawing room. The women are in full evening dress and the men could not attire themselves with more ceremony. The outside guests, who arrive in relays, make the party

selves with more ceremony. The outside guests, who arrive in relays, make the party at dinner as numerous as at luncheon.

The table glitters with plate and candles. The animation that had disappeared in the cold and fatigue of the early evening has returned. Even though dinner be formal, country hours cannot be so late as those of city life. So by 11 the party was on the way to the dance at the country club.

club.

It lacked the pretentiousness but none of the beauty of a city ball, and with a sense of the fitness of country life, the party broke up early. By 1 o'clock the guests were at home again. Most of the women were upstairs in their rooms within ten minutes after they reached the house.

Even the men who lingered for a drink and a smoke soon strolled upstairs, even if several did take the precaution to have one of the butlers bring a drink upstairs.

Thus ended the evening of the autumn house party.

The next day brings its similar if varied pleasures. Some of the guests go to the yacht and are not seen again until tea time. Another wing takes golf in the morning, then a long drive in the four-in-hand, lunch on the way, and then further on to the county fair, where they may inspect the wonderful products, animal and vegetable, turned out by the gardeners and farmers of their friends.

Prize pigs and prize deblies, string beans

of their friends.

Prize pigs and prize dahlias, string beans and carnations of enormous size divide their attention with the fortune tellers and the tintype men. They afford more delight to the bucolic and native attendants than the country fair pleasures in which these city guests seem to take such delight.

The drive home, the plentiful tea that makes it possible to wait until so late for a such carries.

Letters That Are Sometimes Two Years in Reaching Their Destination. The Atlantic Coast Seamen's Union, with branch at 37 South street, has a post office system of its own. There is in every union hall a post office. Probably not one out

of twenty letters is delivered immediately to a seaman, since he may be thousands of miles away; nevertheless, the functions

of miles away; nevertheless, the functions of the United States mail seem to end with the delivery of letters to a hall.

In an open letter cabinet at the New York branch there are from 500 to 1,000 unclaimed letters, soiled, dusty and often worn open with nearly three years of handling. It is the union's policy not to forward letters to the dead letter office, knowing that they would then never reach their destination, but would be destroyed. Agent James Corbett, a third cousin of the pugilist, says that in the end nearly all the letters are claimed.

The union has its own method of finding persons addressed. A list of letters is fixed to the dead provided in the gas, becomes soft. As soon as it is melted, you take it and clap it upon the hairy surface.

The roots. But that method is painful. A the retood is painful. A theretood is painful. A the retood is painful. A theretood is

persons addressed. A list of letters is printed in its official paper, the Coast Sea-

printed in its official paper, the Coast Sea-amen's Journal, published in San Francisco but circulating all over the world.

John Olsen, for instance, who is at Mobile sees a letter advertised for him in the Journal. His Mobile agent, in a letter to the New York office, in whose care the letter is addressed, directs that it be sent enclosed in a upion envelope to Mobile, Olsen finally gets it and finds its postmark July 1, 1902. July 1, 1902. Every few

July 1, 1902.

Every few months the union calls a committee of five together to go over the accumulated unclaimed mail. Then the oldest letters are sorted out. Letters of over two years are locked away from sight. What becomes of them after that is not clear.

clear. Nearly all the letters are written in women's hand. In a pigeonhole marked "O" there are eight letters, all in the same woman's handwriting and bearing the same postmark. They are dated about a month apart. Perhaps they are from a

month apart. Perhaps they are from a sweetheart, a sister, or more likely from a mother, who persists in writing, though the chances are that her son may be wrecked or lost in the evils of a great city.

There is therefore good reason for those two big black words on a white background, inclosed in a black wooden frame, which are seen on the walls of the sailors' reading rooms, "Write Heme."

Perhaps Jack is not wholly at fault if his folks do not hear from him, for he is careless about addressing and stamping letters. About one out of ten letters he neglects to stamp, but, bearing a union or a reading room letterhead, they are sent through on this side of the water. One letter from Europe without a stamp bears on the corner "With all possible despatch."
That letter has been in the union pigeon hole nearly two years.

ole nearly two years. A large percentage of the letters are pened. That is because there are often afteen men in the union with the same

That the first names are unlike makes no ofference. In Jack's mind that letter is surely for him, though the first name on it is Hans. So he opens it in the agent's presence and reads it through. The same letter may be read by half a dozen Olsens.

Lucky Finds of a Cevion Native. From the Lahore Tribune.

A native of Ceylon has had an extraordinary run of luck in the finding of cats' eye gems. He

was quite a poor man when some months ago he found a gem worth £1,250.

Soon afterward he found another, which he sold for £2,500. And now he has crowned his good fortune by finding the largest known gem of the kind, which weighs nearly seven pou which he has refused £19,000. He says that he can cut the gem into forty stones, each of which will bring £1,000. This means wealth beyond the

CURE FOR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

FOUR WAYS OF REMOVING THE DOWN THAT DISFIGURES.

The Shaded Upper Lip Considered a Point of Beauty in Spain, but Not Here-A Caution About Cold Cream-Defects of the Face May Easily Be Rectified.

"Very few women like to have hair on the upper lip," said a beauty doctor, "and we are kept busy removing it. Hair comes on certain upper lips by nature. The growth is not a heavy one, nor is it obectionable from most points of view. But the fact is that it is unfeminine, and women do not like it.

"Cold cream is apt to make the hair grow. and the woman who rubs her face every night with an oily lotion for the skin will be rewarded by a little growth of down, which will increase until she has a very respectable mustache. "All cold creams do not make the hair

grow, and there are ways of making cold cream so that it actually discourages the hair. But, on the other hand, there is cold cream which encourages the hair to grow, and a woman who has a nice, smooth, kissable upper lip may have a woolly one before she knows it. "Hair comes upon the upper lip gradually

The growth is light at first and it seems to up without one's knowledge. A woman has no idea of its existence until some morning when she looks in the glass and sees that her upper lip is spoiled.

with a downy growth upon the arms.

"There are all sorts of ways of curing defects of this nature. With down on the arms the quickest way in most cases is the best way.

"We begin with a scrubbing with soap and water with a little ammonia in the water. Then we rinse the skin in boracic

water. Then we rinse the skin in boracic acid. Then comes the cure.

"With a big soft brush we paint the arms with peroxide of hydrogen. Into each saucerful of peroxide we stir a teaspoon of ammonia; if the ammonia causes the skin to smart we add peroxide.

"The peroxide is perfectly harmless to the skin. In fact, it is an antiseptic. But it bleaches the hair. Arms that were disfigured with a growth of dark hair are soon bleached by it until the hair is sun colored. It is an infallible cure for dark hair on the arms.

"The ammonia is added to kill the roots of the hair. The roots of the hair die off, and so the hair disappears from the arms.

"We had a case of a woman who had a little patch of hair on each side of her face. We treated it with peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia, bleaching it and gradually killing the roots. It took three or four months, but that was nothing compared to the long martyrdom which she had endired.

by women of good taste. It bleaches the hair and makes artificial blondes. Women with light hair can use a little peroxide, and it will do no harm. But once et the dark haired woman use it, and her

peace of mind is gone forever, or as long as she attempts to be a blonde.

"Another method of dealing with superfluous hair on the face is to pull it out with tweezers and then apply ammonia to kill the roots. But that method is painful. A method somewhat similar involves the use of the electric needle.

Now you take and pull it off, using one quick hard jerk. It comes away, bringing with it hairs and all. It is also a tear bringing process, but it is quick and always infective, as it pulls the hairs out by the

roots.

"There must always be something applied after the hairs have been pulled out, or they will come right back again, and, often they are stiffer and coarser and other than before. darker than before.

"Our experience in this line of business goes to prove to us every day that there is no sense in having superfluous hair upon the face. It can be very easily taken off, and the woman who goes through life a martyr to this unhappy cause is more to be pitted for her ignorance than for her misfortune.

misfortune. "The very worst face can be made smooth and pretty in a month's time, and most cases can be cured in a great deal less. The trouble is that people will not be bothered. They are anxious to be beautiful, but they will not go upon beauty's quest with an earnest heart and a determined spirit."

Signed Petition to Have Governor Hanged

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. "Numerous instances have come to my notice of cases where executive elemency exercised on the strength of petitions from the people has been misplaced, but it was the people has been misplaced, but it was never more clearly shown than in a case that happened back\*in the days of the Know Nothing party, when lawlessness was rife in Baltimore, "said E. F. Busard, of that city.

"A young man who was a member of a prominent family shot and killed a neighbor through a window in his house. He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to hang. As the day approached for his execution a petition, numerously signed, was sent to the Governor, and one of the influential citizens of Baltimore resolved that a pardon should not be granted if he had the power to prevent it. He went to see the Governor and protested.

"But,' remonstrated that official, 'see how strongly the petition reads, and how

"'But,' remonstrated that official, 'see how strongly the petition reads, and how numerously it is signed.

"'Wait a moment, Governor,' said the man.
'If you will give me twenty-four hours I will bring a petition here signed by the same men who signed that, and they will petition the Legislature to hang you. Allow me but twenty-four hours.'

"The stay of sentence was granted, and in twenty-four hours the man returned. He handed the Governor a petition with this remark:

He handed the Governor a petition with this remark:

"Look at the names, and then read the petition.

"The Governor read the names, and they were identical with the ones in the first petition. The body of the petition was like this:

"Whereas the Governor of Maryland is notoriously open and deflant in the violation of law, and whereas he has been found to be guilty of treason, we, the undersigned urge the Legislature of the State of Maryland to condemn the said Governor to be hanged."

"The murderer was hanged."

NEW ATHLETES AT COLLEGE. Pennsylvania's Freshmen-Western Men

The fall work of the track teams at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Cornell began last week, and the chief concern f the trainers was with the new material that entered college this fall. Every newcomer was sized up and tried at his specialty so that there will be no mistake as to his strongest points when the spring practice begins. This year more than ever before nterest centres in the freshmen, for during the summer the recruiting sergeants of the big institutions have been busy among the schoolboy athletes, and everybody wants to know where the cracks are located. Then, again, a craze has broken out among Western men for Eastern colleges, and every athlete in the front rank wants to try his fortune with one of the Big Four. These boys from the "wild and woolly" land think that athletes in the Eastern colleges are more liberally treated than in the West. Of the leading colleges Pennsylvania seems to have corralled the biggest lot

Who Came East.

of new ones. When the men were marshalled at Franklin Field it was found there were about a score of freshmen with good ecords. N. J. Cartmell, the star sprinter has returned to college, despite reports that he would not come back, and he will again be an important factor in the 100 and 220 yard dashes. Among the new men the most prominent is Wilcox, from the De Lancey school, who has a record of minutes 1 3-5 seconds for the half mile In the sprints there are in hl, who halls from Bradley Institute at Peoria, Ill., who las a record for the 100 yards of 10 2-5 seconds, and sees that her upper lip is spoiled.

"Now, if she lived in Spain, she would regard it as a great addition to her looks. The Spanish woman contemplates a little hair on her upper lip with delight. It affords a shading to her face, as it were, and makes her more interesting and more attractive.

"She will nurse the first sign of hair with many strokings and with such encouragement, so can be given by olive oil and by gentle brushings. But it is not until she has a substantial growth that she regards her beauty as complete.

"But in this country it is different. And that which affords the Spanish woman much satisfaction is viewed with horror by the American woman.

"Then there are women who have troubly with their eyebrows. Beetle brows, browd that meet between the eyes, give a menacing expression.

"Very long eyebrows are never nice. One woman, otherwise pretty, had eyebrows half an inch long and inclined to curl. She had to brush them many times a day to make them lie down.

"Another woman, a customer of mine, had troubles of another kind—a neat little pair of sideboards. They were heavy, well shaped and deep in color. They would have graced the cheeks of the most ambitious freshman in Harvard.

"There are all thordes of women troutsled with a downy growth upon the arms.

"There are all sorts of ways of curing defects of this nature. With down on the arms.

"There are all sorts of ways of curing defects of this nature. With down on the arms, the quickest way in most cases is \$200.000 to \$20

inches, ought to do good work with the pole. Becker from Lancaster Manual High School will try for the hammer and shot. Shaw of Radnor High School and Moorhead of Penn Charter are hurdlers of more than ordinary merit for their age, both being better than 17 seconds over the high sticks.

sticks.

The most notable new man at Yale is W. W. Coe, who was ineligible last year owing to the one year residence rule. Outside of Rose, who is reported to have left Michigan, he has no peer at college as a shot putter, and bar accident should be a sure winner for Yale. Big Ed Glass has left, and his absence leaves the Blue weakened in the weight department. Of course Shevlin and Harris are in line again for the hammer and Stillman and Tripp should do something. In the sprint Lowe, Torrey, Twitchell, Summer and Alexander are all back in college, but Long will be missed in the 220 yards. Burnap and Ewing for the quarter and Parsons, Moffat, Hastings and Moone for the half mile are on deck. Alcott and Hill, supported by Jacobus and Symes, will take care of the mile; Armstrong and Hail will look after the two mile event. Capt, Clapp is a great The drive home, the plentiful tea that makes it possible to wait until so late for dinner—taken that second night at a house ten miles drive away—bridge until after midnight, those are the pleasures of that day in the country house.

THE SAILORS POST OFFICE.

drogen and ammonia, pleaching it and gradually killing the roots. It took three gradually killing the roots. It took three two mile; Armstrong and Hail will look after the mile; Armstrong and Hail will look afte

the broad jump and are strong candidates, and the same might be said of Hasbrouck and Jack in the high jump. The pole vault is secure enough with McLanahan in harness aided by Behr and O'Brien. It is expected that the Yale fall games, scheduled for Oct. 26, will unearth the merit of some of the new candidates. candidates.

During the week John Graham had a sorrowful spell calculating the strength of the Harvard men. The best of last year's team have left, and the Crimson will have to depend almost solely on the freshmen. Harry Le Moyne is one whose loss will be saveraly felt.

severely felt.

Wilkins, the Western pole vaulter, with a record of 11 feet 9 inches, has entered Princeton, but will be shut out by the one year rule from next year's championship. McPherson, the Australian sprinter, will wear the C of Cornell, and may help out with a couple of points.

White Robins Hatched in Denver Yard. From the Denver Republican.

White robins are almost as scarce as white blackbirds, but for some reason this season has been favorable for this kind of a "sport" from nature, and several white nestlings have been reported in Denver and vicinity.

The only white robins to reach maturity are those belonging to C. A. Lyman of 1902 Race street. The eggs from which they came looked just like the other two. There were three robins hatched, but one was just like his father and mother, an ordinary redbreast. The white robins were especial favorites with the parent birds, and grew more rapidly. After they had begun to fly out of their nest in an elm tree in his back yard, Mr. Lyman caged the fledglings, but the mother continued to feed them until about a week ago. Since she quit them they have become quite tame, and eat out of their owner's hand. The white robins are the same size and hape as the redbreasts, but every feather

is snowy white and they have bright pink eyes. As is the case with most albino animals their sight is not very good, and they will peck at a worm several times before finally getting it in their mouths. Three years ago a white robin was hatched out in a nest in the same tree, but it died before reaching maturity. The pair of robins which hatched these white birds are old

birds, and Mr. Lyman thinks they are the same

years ago.

as those which hatched the white bird three

of the state of th

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Ricon more that of LECTOS PRACESO TO COPY

She Recovered Her 65 Bill. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Good and bad luck often come along with "Good and bad luck often come along with
the same swish of the wind," said the observant man. "I was in one of the big department stores when a lady rushed up to
one of the counters, evidently for the purpose
of making some small purchase. She seemed
to be in a great hurry. "Excuse me, madam,
said one of the clerks, 'your purse is opea."
It was, and the woman soon found that a
five dollar bill was missing.

"Just as she was crossing the street she
spied the bill in the street. She made a rush
for it, but before she could get to it a big,
heavy dray came rumbling out the side
street toward Canal, and she was forced to
jump back in order to let the wagon pass.
It had heen raining and the wheels of the
wagon were well supplied with mud. The
woman was horrified when she found that
one of the hindmost wheels would pass over
the five dollar bill, for she knew the mud
would pick the money up. That is exactly
what happened.

"The bill stuck to the wheel, the driver
turned sharply into Canal street and was
hurrying rapidly out toward the lake. The
woman left the sidewalk, took the street and
made a desperate dash for the wagon, screaming at the driver all the while. The driver
stopped as soon as he found he was being
pursued by a woman. The woman rushed
up to the wheel, pulled the five off and made
for the department store again."

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